

TO THE
MEMORY
OF
Capt. GRENVILLE
OF THE
DEFIANCE MAN OF WAR.
WHO

Was slain in an Engagement with the
French Fleet, May the 3d, 1747.

By Mr. LYTTTELTON.



DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, MDCCLXVIII.

MEMOIR

Capt. Green

DEFIANCE MAN OF WAR.

Who was slain in an Engagement with the
French Fleet, May the 30, 1797.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.



DUBLIN:
Printed by J. G. ...



TO THE
M E M O R Y, &c.

YE weeping *Muses*, *Graces*, *Virtues*, tell
If since your all-accomplish'd SYDNEY
fell,

You or afflicted *Britain* e'er deplor'd,
A Loss like that these plaintive Notes record?
Such spotless Honour, such ingenuous Truth,
Such ripened Wisdom in the Bloom of Youth,
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a Mind,
To such heroic, ardent Courage join'd!
He too like SYDNEY, nurs'd in Learnings Arms,
For glorious War forsook her softer Charms.
Like him adorn'd with ev'ry pleasing Art,
The secret Wish of ev'ry Virgins Heart;

Like

Like him cut off in youthful Glory's Pride
 He unrepining, for his Country dy'd.

BUT harder far and nobler is the Praise,
 So bright to shine in these degenerate Days;
 An Age of Heroes kindled SYDNEY's Fire,
 His inborn Worth alone could GRENVILLE's
 Deeds inspire.





V E R S E S

Occasioned by the foregoing, addressed
to Admiral BOSCAWEN, from *Ireland*,
September 19, 1747.

THREE have the Muses wept, the tuneful
Train,
Mourn'd their first Hope in gentle SYDNEY slain,
While SPENCER's pious Hand an Altar rears,
Preserves the * Dirge, and consecrates the
* Tears.

FALKLAND was next, nor civil Rage could tell
What urg'd his Fate, but wonder'd why he fell,
By HYDE's rich Genius are his Honours paid,
In grave Discourse of high Record, display'd:

* *Alluding to two Poems of Spencer.*

GRENVILLE the last, this precious Pledge the
Nine,

To Thee their † Priest, O LYTTTELTON, con-
sign ;

Thy Verse alone, can satisfy the Dead,
And pay the glorious Prize for which he bled.

A spotless Sacrifice, in Beauty's Prime,
Fell the lov'd Youth, nor fell before his Time ;
No Life is timely to the Coward Slave,
No Death untimely to the Free and Brave ;
While with his Friends the publick Sorrows flow,
And each soft Eye adopts a || Sister's Woe,
While Honour, Truth, and ev'ry sacred Name
Fill the grand Chorus of his finish'd Fame :

Could Years have added more ? O envied Breath
Lost for thy Country ! O luxurious Death !
To such Desert, such Praises to succeed,
Lives there a Wretch who would not wish to
bleed ?

† *Quarum sacra fero.* VIRGIL.

|| *This Gentleman was remarkable for being the
best of Brothers.*

Lives there?—but stop the Song—too much is
past

And may his Fate, BOSCAWEN, be the last.

FROM thy try'd Fortune, *Britain* hopes to raise
A cheaper Triumph and less guilty Bays;
She bids thee take the § Fasces of the Main
And free fair Commerce from her servile Chain;
Already I behold thy Navy steer
By other Stars, and gain upon the Year;
Where Seas impell'd by faithful Breezes roll,
And the broad Shadows shorten from the Pole;
With no proud Luxury the Vessels groan,
Their richer Freight is Liberty alone;
(That rare Exotic to a foreign Sky
Which *Britain* gives, but *India* cannot buy)
At her Approach, the *Gaul* shall hide his Face,
And herd for Shelter with a swarthier Race;
His spurious ‡ Sun, no more shall rule the Day,
But set for ever in an Eastern Sea,

§ Waller.

‡ Alluding to the Device of the French King.

New Titles and strange Trophies shall be thine,
And Laurels cull'd beyond the burning Line.

Go with these Auspices, and when thy Sails
Bend homewards, swelling with less spicy Gales,
The Muse who mourns thy much lamented
Friend,

With better Strains thy Triumphs shall attend;
Ev'n now, she strives to raise her drooping Wing,
Essays her Harp, and meditates to sing,
While o'er these late, so sad and joyless Plains,
Again smiles Phœbus, and a * STANHOPE reigns.

* *His Excellency the Earl of HARRINGTON,
who succeeded the Earl of CHESTERFIELD in
the Government of Ireland.*

Which Britain gives, but India cannot buy,
At her Approach, the East shall hide his Face;
And herd for Shelter with a swartier Race;
The END.
His spurious Sun no more shall rule the Day,
But set for ever in an Eastern Sea.

§ Waller.
† Alluding to the Devise of the French King.